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Eng. Poetry and Hb.

EPISTLE

TO

C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR of the ROSCIAD, &c.

By D. HAYES, Esq;

— *Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

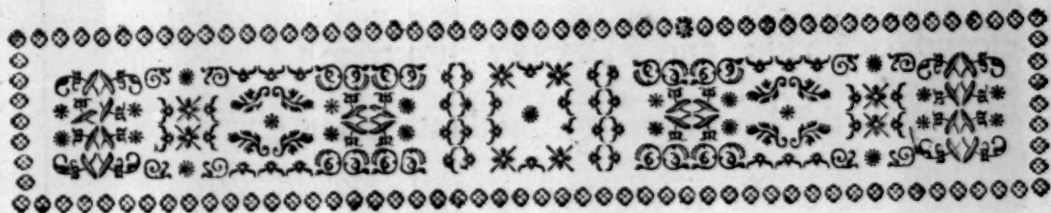
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A N

E P I S T L E, &c.

* * * * *
* R * Disperse all fear, and dash through thick and
* * * * *
thin.

CHURCHILL commands; unload thy swelling breast,

Pelt friends and foes, and share the gen'ral jest.

And you, good Sirs, whose still-born labours lie

In sheets too foul to meet the Public eye;

Whose feet, dismantled by these fell Reviews,

Too long have wish'd the luxury of shoes,

A

Descend,

Descend, descend ; and FLEXNEY in a trice
 Will cloath the bantlings at a mod'rate price ;
 So shall your credit at the *Tap* commence,
 And pockets jingle with unusual pence.
 Long was AUGUSTA, ancient Seat of wit,
 Through ev'ry Stage by hide-bound *Critics* bit ;
 Knaves, who presum'd to judge all works by rule,
 And swore, that half our bards should go to school ;
 Who crush'd with murd'rous hands, oh shame to tell !
 The tender maggot crawling from the shell.
 Hence did the Sons of MOORFIELDS cease to squeak ;
 Hence MURPHIAD-AUTHORS scrubb'd a hollow cheek ;
 Hence did our grumbling hawkers cease to bawl ;
 HILL's long descendants groan'd on ev'ry stall ;
 (HILL, who like PRIAM, fifty children led
 The bulky offspring of a spurious bed)
 Hence did brave P——R dissolve in debt,
 And with his name adorn the sad *Gazette* ;

* Great were his perils, who on *Rhime's* rough seas
 (Experience tells a hackney'd thought may please)
 Spread his new Sheets, where the winds envious howl,
 By rancour swell'd, and pirate Critics prowl.
 Greater his danger, if the wretch depend
 For promis'd succour on a Beer-house friend ;
 That friend alas, may prove an arrant bite,
 And shew false lights at DERRY's † all the night ;
 What Honours then shall crown the mighty man
 Who first defeated th' old ingrossing plan !
 Took off th' embargo on our rhiming trade,
 And vile abuse with vile abuse repay'd.
 Be grateful GRUB-STREET ! choicest flow'rets cull,
 To deck his button-hole and ample skull !
 Now shall your Wit emerge with brighter grace,
 Begot and ripen'd by the frothy vase ;

* Great are his perils in this stormy time,
 Who rashly ventures on a Sea of Rhime, &c. (Apology, pag. 2.)

† A decent house in Covent-garden, where a supposed *helper* to the author of the *Rosciad* usually enjoys his evenings.

Now shall your wives indulge in dowlafs sheets,
Nor bawl *freſh herrings* thro' the ſtinking ſtreets.

All muſt allow (or Juſtice ſure is fled)
The meaneſt botch to earn a bit of bread,
Who would not ſtare if RHYMER § durſt reſuſe
Lame NED his privilege of cobling ſhoes?
Throughout the world this holds unvary'd ſtill,
In all profeſſions but the luckleſs quill.
The greateſt here forget their ſplendid height,
And with the vileſt wage the ſordid fight.
'Gainſt Grub-ſtreet's tribe rapacious SMOLLET roſe,
With ruthleſs hand, and fill'd the cup of woes;
Satires and ſongs, occaſional eſſays,
And half-form'd odes, and indigeſted plays,
Memoirs by fifty differing Sires begot,
All, all, on NOBLE's ſhelves he doom'd to rot.

§ An eminent ſhoe-maker.

Malicious

Malicious man ! whilst of * *SALTERO*'s king
 You sip sweet punch, and make the table ring,
 Think of the bard who rubs his frigid nose,
 No fire alas ! but what the Muse bestows ;
 Who (sad reverse !) in *SIRIUS*' fultry reign
 Feels double heat torment his melting brain ;
 Whilst of great *CALVERT*'s *BUTT* no fav'ry swills
 Must cool his frying lip—so *SMOLIET* wills !

Or should gay bardlings in a rampant fit,
 By smiling Mothers flatter'd into Wit,
 To mild *APOLLO*'s gracious temple bring
 A song to *PHILLIS*, or an ode to Spring,
 Which conn'd at tea-tables, with greedy eyes,
 Exalt sweet master to the bending skies !
 Why should'st thou crush the eager boy at once,
 And teach the town to mark him for a dunce ?

* A Coffee-House at *Chelsea*.

* A Critic erst, as fifty bards have writ,
 Was quite a COTTREL to the sons of wit ;
 He handed up their works, and handed down,
 And shew'd the pretty *Strangers* all the town.
 But now, alas! such the reverse of times,
 He flurs our beauties, and selects our crimes ;
 What then remains ? Let CHURCHILL grasp the rein,
 And what he won by front, by front maintain !

HAMPDEN of bards ! blest viceroy of the nine !
 Who left your own, to grace their dearer shrine ;
 Who bravely scorn'd old CRANMER's musty rules,
 And grave grimace, the foppery of Schools !
 Whether in FLEXNEY's leathern chair you sit,
 Prais'd, and presented with the choicest bit ;

* A Critic was of old a glorious name,
 Whose sanction handed merit up to fame, &c. Apol. pag. 3, 4.
 See also Lloyd's Epistle, pag. 1.

Or, swol'n with conscious pride, on CLAPHAM lawn
 To needy wives display your wit and brawn ;
 Oh ! nod propitious to thy GRUB-STREET's prayer !
 And feize with wonted port the Critic-chair ;
 On thee alone her haggard sons rely,
 To burst their dens, and breathe a purer sky ;
 Forbear dread Sir ! thy genius to abuse,
 Nor force distracted texts on snoring pews ;
 THULE expects, in her neglected cause,
 More from thy pen than *the compulsive clause* ;
 So shall her tribes the conquer'd realms possess,
 And daily squibs thy sturdy sceptre bless !

So when old tyrants rode the BRITISH state,
 TYLER, bold upstart, turn'd the scale of fate ;
 Slaves on the necks of rev'rend nobles trod,
 And greater still, each man set up his God :

MOOR-



MOORFIELDS o'erjoy'd, inverted order saw,
 Whilst dray-men's whelps pronounc'd despotic law.

Who can with patience hear that MURPHY's tongue
 Persuade the town that Jealousy is wrong?
 An IRISH plot—my friends of CHEAPSIDE keep
 Redoubled watch, and pen your stragling sheep:
 Th' ill-meaning bard a desp'rate season chose,
 When the frail Sex perceives unusual throes,
 In Love's rich tides when luscious eye-balls swim,
 And strange convulsions work on ev'ry limb ;
 When ancient Hocus with Change-dusty-sprent
 Flies his young Wife, and cleaves to *cent per cent*.
 CHURCHILL arise, shall playwrights, such as he,
Smuggle tautology still *duty free**.
 Shall he, without of wit the least pretence,
 Draw gaping crowds, and pocket all the pence?

*———secure, for me,

Let playwrights smuggle nonsense duty free: Apol. pag. 9.

What shall one evening's undeserv'd success
 Clear ninety pounds when ROSCIADS went for less?
 Tho', give the Dev'l his due, the ROSCIAD took
 Beyond all thought—we love a ranc'rous joke;
 'Tis sure to please—what else could reconcile
 Th' incongruous mass that bore the monstrous pile?
 Thou canst annihilate both time and space,
 And make smart DAVID sue for ROSCIUS' place.
 Thou canst force SHAKESPEARE, and shrewd BEN to rise,
 And try the cause, like Justices at 'Size;
 Thou canst dissolve Chronology's old bands,
 Th' AUGUSTAN age and GEORGE's must shake hands.

Yet, what could stimulate thy squirting rage,
 Why point thy *heavy* wrath against the stage?
 The stage, by ev'ry clime and age confest,
 Of Virtue's schools, the oldest and the best,

That warm'd the soul, enforc'd the social band,
 And stole the scourge from stern Oppression's hand ;
 That rous'd the chief when Public glory call'd,
 Confirm'd the Just, and frontless guilt appall'd ;
 That first the nerves of youthful TULLY strung,
 And shed ambrosial sweetness on his tongue ;
 That rais'd the GREEKS a trophy more compleat,
 Than PORUS' fall, or XERXES' vast defeat.

But of known facts, few instances are best ;
 Read FRANKLIN'S SOPHOCLES, you'll find the rest.

“ Read SOPHOCLES ” (the angry bard replies,

True stingo spirit glist'ning in his eyes)

“ Why, zounds, I've prov'd it in and out of doors,

“ That all the GREEKS were stupid sons of whores ;

“ That *that there* boasted fool could ne'er compose,

“ Aught but a *symphony of hais and hoës* *.

“ I also prov'd the summer-scheme a cheat ;

“ Who doubts it, lies—by G—, I'll crack his pate.”

* And with their hais and hees and hoës
 —Make a symphony of woes.

Epist. to Garrick. pag. 7.

But Foote appears—his voice, his spirits fled,
 Confus'd he flunk, and hung his shameful head.

Hail mighty Foote ! enraptur'd with thy name,
 I spurn the ground, and catch a fiercer flame :
 Thro' various years by various fortunes tost,
 How bright a Champion was to BRITAIN lost ;
 That arm, perhaps on MINDEN'S field, could sway
 The dubious fight, and crown the glorious day :
 That sapient head, when money's wondrous scarce,
 Might plan a lott'ry easier than a farce ;
 But cruel Fortune with her usual Fraud,
 Confin'd thy wars to auctioneer and bawd.
 Thy schemes, alas ! to rouse a wretch's groans,
 And then escape him with unbroken bones ;
 Whilst round thy haunts in vain he prowls the night,
 And damns and bangs each p—ff—ng post for spite :

Arise,

Arise, arise, for once take heart of grace,
 And shew thy leg as pow'rful as thy face ;
 Pursue the fight thou nobly hast begun
 (A good beginning's half the business done)
 Collect thy might, the happy juncture catch,
 And treat this season with a kicking-match :
 As ancient BRUTUS, deem'd a lewd Buffoon,
 In a new character surpriz'd the town ;
 Shew'd ev'ry vaunting rascal to the door,
 Who fifty times had p—s'd on him before :
 So shall thy nose at length in safety sit,
 And foes, now dreadful, crouch beneath thy wit.

The stage, great CHURCHILL, like each human state,
 Has often felt a sad reverse of fate ;
 Oft have we seen small tyrants seize the throne,
 And force the vilest nonsense on the Town.

Plots

Plots that disgrace e'en these degen'rate days,
And phrases glean'd from twenty various plays;
The underplot, thro' which the world may see,
The clumsy joke and leaden repartee;
The bombast sea, beneath whose frothy swell
GARRICK could scarcely stand, and BARRY fell;
Where not one beam of happy nature fir'd
His feeling breast, or tuneful tongue inspir'd;
Where hair-brain'd heroes scal'd the starry skies,
And Lovers whin'd like WESTMINSTER'S whipt boys:
There, there indignant BARRY fled to art,
And forc'd his passions as he forc'd his part.

But when his theme was suited to his choice,
Above the poet's rose the actor's voice;
By Fancy warm'd, by native Genius strung,
OTWAY's sweet strains flow'd sweeter from his tongue;

D

The

The living pathos forc'd the heart-felt sigh
From ev'ry breast, and fill'd each honest eye.

Nay, oft on rugged Mossop's fullen brow
We've seen the fire of genuine passion glow ;
Revenge, remorse, despair, and dread surprize,
Stalk'd in his gait, and lighten'd in his eyes ;
Wrapt in a storm he spurn'd the vale of art,
And seiz'd with tyrant force the trembling heart.

Hadst thou, dread CHURCHILL, held an hour's debate,
And with thy own compar'd the actor's state ;
Soon would the strong resemblance fully strike ;
Curates and Play'rs in one point are alike :
Both sway'd by gain—do Patrons recommend,
A text or play ?—submit—or favours end.
Should zealous GRUB, three rect'ries in his gift,
Command to turn the long-lov'd muse adrift,

Should

Should he from suburb pulpits bid thee roar,
 And damn ill-natur'd scribblers by the score ;
 How would thy fretted thoughts each word disjoint,
 And hums and haas fumble about the point ;
 (As vagrant jades enforc'd by F——g's elves,
 Sad strain of pow'r ! to criminate themselves)
 Then cease to stare, if Actors loose their fire,
 When forc'd to drag thro' ev'ry blockhead's mire.

Actors are oft mere vagabonds 'tis true *,
 Pray, reverend Sir, and are not Curates too ?
 Or mean dependants on a Patron's smile,
 Or whirl'd from NOVA-SCOTIA to BELLE-ISLE :
 Some, still more luckless, cramm'd in Ships of war,
 To bag up winds and school the docile tar ;
 Ent'ring at once into the *Ward-room* jest,
 Gulp luscious flip, and gulp it *to the best* †.

* See Apology, pag. 11.

† p. 11, 12.

But

But if starv'd bantlings rouse thy honest scorn, *
 To ancient CAMBRIA's cloud-capt regions turn,
 At th' alehouse door where *Rev'rend* TAFFY stands,
 With tuneful engine and judicious hands,
 AP-SHENKIN's fame, this son of DAVID sings,
 In rumbling notes, and thrumbs the crackling strings ;
 Charm'd with the sound, his goat forgets to browse,
 His babes to whimper, and his wife to louse.

'Tis wrong, great Sir, howe'er your verses glose,
 To judge professions by their vilest dross.
 Who tears a wreath from SECKER's awful crown,
 Because a Curate squirts at half the town?
 Or TAFFY's fiddle, with that goat his cousin,
 Maintain of ragged brats full half a dozen?
 Wise as thou art, receive it as a rule,
 Want is the basest theme for ridicule :

* See Apology, pag. 11, 12.

What gen'rous chief wou'd lift th' unhallow'd spear,
Against the wretch who most demands a tear?

An Actor sure may rise to just renown,
And tho' no priest, prove useful to the town;
Perhaps once rais'd, he spurns the former crew *
Of dirty friends, and so in troth would you;
How would you fume, if rob'd in sacred lawn,
Should some old crony rap at early dawn?
Soon would he find how chang'd the jolly times,
When o'er a pot you club'd your jokes and rhymes.

Nay, should ELIHU †, whom the Graces bless,
True Judgment crowns, and all the nine cares;
Who train'd soft youth to ev'ry praiseful art,
And by his *own example* form'd the heart;
Who lash'd the GREEKS with decent ridicule ‡,
And plainly prov'd each foreign bard a fool;

* Apolog. pag. 13.

† See *Resciad*, pag. 7. called the 5th Edition

† ———l, a gentleman, did wed,
The lady I would never bed,
Great Agememnon's royal daughter,
Who's coming hither to

Who first shew'd stupid BRITAIN SHAKESPEAR'S flame,
 And greater still, chalk'd out Thy paths to fame :
 Should he, even he, obtrude his length of chin,
 Alas ! I fear " his Lordship's not within."

But now an ancient poet twitch'd my ear,
 And spoke aloud, " Vain child of verse forbear ;
 " Restore thy shafts,—as well may autumn rains
 " Attack the goose on DUNSTABLE'S rich plains ;
 " Off his broad back th' invidious torrent flies,
 " He claps his wings, and cackles to the Skies ;"
 Yet where's the mighty crime, I cannot feel,
 † To spin small worsted on the muse's wheel :
 I never strung infernal Envy's bow,
 Or basely forc'd the modest cheek to glow ;
 No poison'd sneer can charge me with its birth,
 No squinting praise to cheapen absent worth ;
 Nor madly partial grasp'd I th' idle pen,
 To gild or blacken any sect of men ;

† Spinning Reason into harmless Rhime. Apol. pag. 19.

Nor did I once in jocund council fit,
 The venal trumpeter of SMOLLET's wit;
 Nor should his own CERVANTES burst the tomb,
 And once again these barren spheres illumine:
 On terms so odious wou'd I condescend,
 To court the glorious Genius for my friend;
 And yet, O SMOLLET! is thy RANDOM lost,
 The wittiest page these latter days cou'd boast?
 Can ruffian-hands the native beam destroy,
 That cheer'd each gloom, and waken'd social joy?
 What tho' some trivial errors 'scap'd thy pen,
 For Genius sometimes sleeps, and men are men,
 The pow'rs of laughter burst in every line,
 And *Humour's* envied palm is wholly thine.

I ne'er with MURPHY join'd the social tear,
 That grac'd his long-lov'd parent's decent bier;

From

From self-experience ne'er could recommend,
 The pious kinsman, and th' unshaken friend :
 Nor yet with him lamented half the blows,
 Of causeless malice and uninjur'd foes.

Nay more (and some will think it very odd,)
 I never felt stern CHURCHILL's dreaded rod ;
 Illustrious Sir, in this O persevere,
 So may sweet Comforts lull your dying ear :
 So may *you* only ope the shining doors
 Of wit, and all the Criss-cross row be yours *!

“ But why then publish ?” Nature will unbend,
 Tho' broken bones and pillories attend ;
 The curfed itch, all scribblers will agree,
 Torments the tribe, from CHURCHILL down to me :
 “ Ay, but the theme and verse,” why these I chose,
 As best befitting ease, and nearest prose ;

* And all the captive Criss-cross row is her's Apol. pag. 5.

And fure, by right, the sot fhould fuffer moft,
Who laughs the loudeft at another's coft.

“ Young man be cautious, gather Senfe betimes,
“ Nor rashly trust thy peace to faithlefs rhymes;
“ Should'ft thou fucceed, obftrep'rous Envy rings
“ The Stygian peal, and fhoots ten thoufand flings.
“ Fail, and thy works the grinning lines extend,
“ Of each dull enemy and hollow friend.
“ I feek no fame—the Dev'l is in the dice,
“ If the beft bards don't pay a fwinging price:”
'Tis worfe than Hell, forbear the deadly view,
'Tis worfe, and fad example proves it true.
Adieu all workmen of the rhiming trade,
Adieu dull foes and friends in mafquerade ;
Adieu farcaftic wit, that never won
The flighteft bleffing for a haplefs Son.
You pilfer'd squibs †, which through ELIHU's night,
Like fhotten whiting, gleam'd with fpurious light ;

Illume the * hill—I forfeit all pretence,
And seek, tho' late, the vale of Common-sense;

Come FLETA, come, and thou thrice-rev'rend sage,
Thick-folio'd COKE, and PLOWDEN's pond'rous page;
Come dear Self-Interest, suckle me within
The happy reach of WESTMINSTER's soft din;
Enlist, enroll me, with those Sires who sail
On wealth's smooth wave, and steer the Common-weal;
Who ne'er contended for one false pretence,
Nor martyr'd Justice, nor exploded sense;
POLEMIA grant, to stun the various Courts,
On margents live, and thunder in reports,
Down Time's rough tide my quoted name to flow,
Whilst Clerks and Masters solid praise bestow.

* If the gentle Reader will have patience enough to compare the 1st, 4th, and 11th pages of *Elibu's* correct and facetious complimentary Epistle with the 3d, 4th, and 17th of the *Apo-*logy, he will find how much he is indebted to his Reverend Friend.

* *Parnassus.*

F I N I S.